

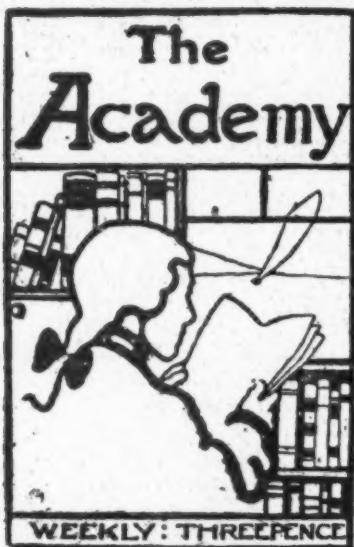
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The Literary Week.

WE are glad to be able to print in this issue of the ACADEMY a striking poem by Mr. Francis Thompson, entitled "The Nineteenth Century." Mr. Thompson's long silence has been much regretted by those who love his poetry, and who place it very high among the gifts of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century. Our hope, nevertheless, is that Mr. Thompson has been his own herald, and that the pageant of his verse, so finely begun, will move to greater conquests.

In a recent number we commented on the New York *Outlook's* lists of the most influential books of the Nineteenth Century. Such lists will, no doubt, be diligently compiled, and from points of view as varied as they are numerous. Mr. Shorter, in the *Sphere*, answers the question: "What are the greatest names that imaginative literature has given to the world during the period?" as follows:

Byron.
Goethe.
Scott.
Balzac.
Turgueneff.

As the six most influential books he names:

Byron's *Childe Harold*.
Scott's *Waverley*.
Heine's *Buch der Leider*.
Balzac's *Père Goriot*.
Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.
Turgueneff's *Virgin Soil*.

Of these it is difficult to understand why *Père Goriot* was particularly selected from the marvellous Balzac *Comédie Humaine*, but we are glad that Mr. Shorter has the courage to include Byron so plumply. There is really no doubt about Byron's claim; but not everyone will see or admit it nowadays.

On Thursday the *Daily Chronicle* published the first four of its promised articles on "The Mind of the Century." Poetry is treated by Mr. Lionel Johnson. Drama by Mr. William Archer. Fiction by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The Essay and Criticism by Mr. H. W. Nevins. The writers of the summaries are, on the whole, satisfied with the tendencies and work of the almost dead century, but Mr. Waugh ends on a dismal note:

... English fiction seems again to be lost in a very wilderness of indecision. Tacking from topic to topic, viewing nothing steadily or long, tortured by problems of misunderstanding and ignorance, its progress seems for the moment to evade the eye of criticism altogether. Out of all this chaos we can but hope that some unity may come, when feverish emotions have cooled down into enthusiasm.

We hope so, too.

To the January number of the *Century* Mr. Gosse contributes an article dealing with the career and work of

Mr. Stephen Phillips. Most of the biographical details recorded are already well known, but Mr. Gosse supplies us with one interesting fact which we do not remember to have seen before. He says, speaking of Mr. Phillips's experiences as an actor in Mr. Benson's company:

There was one part in which he really excelled, and, oddly enough, it is one which Shakespeare is known to have played, and which was said to be "the top of his performance." This was the ghost in "Hamlet," which Mr. Phillips acted with a dignity so awful that he was positively called before the curtain—a distinction believed to be in this rôle unparalleled.

There is reason in the apparent reluctance of an audience to call Hamlet's ghost. Mr. Gosse refers to *Herod* as being in commission only. We suppose that the exigencies of magazine printing occasionally make such inaccuracies inevitable, but it is almost pathetic to read at the end of December that a play is in the making which has been successfully running for some weeks.

THE first instalment of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" appears in the January number of *Cassell's Magazine*. Some of the illustrations are by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and are to be reproduced from relief models in clay; one of these appears in this issue. We have had time only to glance at the story, but here is a passage which makes a good beginning:

... Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium, and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the cheap cabs wait) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish Regiment. He afterwards took a post on the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi railway, and his regiment went home without him. The wife died of cholera in Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby. Societies and chaplains, anxious for the child, tried to catch him, but O'Hara drifted away, till he came across the woman who took opium and learned the taste from her, and died as poor whites die in India. His estate at death consisted of three papers—one he called his "*ne varietur*," because those words were written below his signature thereon, and another his "clearance-certificate." The third was Kim's birth-certificate. Those things, he was used to say, in his glorious opium hours, would yet make little Kimball a man. On no account was Kim to part with them, for they belonged to a great piece of magic—such magic as men practised over yonder behind the Museum, in the big blue and white Jadoo-Gher—the Magic House, as we name the Masonic Lodge. It would, he said, all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars—monstrous pillars—of beauty and strength.

THE authorship and literary quality of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* continue to excite discussion. The meaning of the book seems to be regarded as settled. Meanwhile, attempts to thicken the mystery are not wanting. We have received the following curious announcement from the Unicorn Press: "A sequence of letters, which

will be found to fit rather curiously into the letters composing a recently published and much talked of volume, will be issued in a few days under the title of *An Englishman's Love-Letters*. As in the case of its forerunner, the author's name is not disclosed." One thing grows probable. It is that the concealed authorship device will be practised more and more, and that it will become flat, stale, and unprofitable.

MR. NEWBOLT has given us a very good number of the *New Review* for January. Mr. Leslie Stephen explains why he refused to sign a protest against the war in South Africa, and proceeds to show that once the war had been entered into, a set of considerations came into existence larger than those which belonged to its alleged root in Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of the Boers. In the course of his argument Mr. Stephen uses the following illustration:

Ahab may have behaved abominably to Naboth; but if Naboth raised a rebellion and called in the Philistines to right himself, it might still be the duty of a loyal Jew to put him down. Right and wrong are so mixed up in this world that an error or injustice in one part of the proceedings which has led to a conflict cannot decide the rights of the whole controversy.

Another good item in the *Review* is Mr. Julian S. Corbett's presentation of a number of unpublished conversations with Napoleon on St. Helena from the personal notes of his interviewer, Colonel Mark Wilks, who was Governor of the island under the East India Company when Napoleon landed. It is astonishing that conversations of such interest should have remained hidden so long. They now serve as a fine plum to Mr. Newbolt's magazine, and as an answer, more or less effective, to Lord Rosebery's charges of undue severity against Sir Hudson Lowe. The principal conversation shows that Napoleon endeavoured to use Colonel Wilks as a secret messenger to the Prince Regent—a scheme which was at once brought to the knowledge of Sir Hudson. Other conversations between Napoleon and Colonel Wilks turn on flogging in the English army, British administration in India, and—such is the range of subjects—"the mention of indigo brought us back to the subject of chemistry."

In the same magazine Mr. Quiller-Couch writes in varying shades of reverence about Coventry Patmore. He finds it hard to reconcile the homage paid to woman in the "Angel" and "Victories of Love" with Patmore's scoffing rejection of the view that woman is man's equal. And Mr. Quiller-Couch rubs in a little satire:

I confess a disappointment to discover that the exquisite homage paid to Honoria by her poet-husband was, after all, polite humbug. "Everybody knew what he meant in thus making a divinity of her," &c. Did everybody? I—alas!—for years understood him to be saying what he believed. Nor am I assured that Patmore knew everything about love when I read *Amelia* (which, with his rifle club, he reckoned his greatest achievement), and note the chill condescension beneath the exquisite phrasing of that idyll—so perfect in expression, so fundamentally selfish and patronising in its point of view. Nor, again, am I sure that in chivalry he had hold of the right end of the stick, when I read *The Storm*, and learn how he earned the thanks of his Beloved by running home in the rain, and sending her "woman" with an umbrella!

In certain of his Odes—"Saint Valentine's Day," "Wind and Wave," "The Toys," "If I Were Dead," and others—Mr. Quiller-Couch holds that Patmore's utterances "pierce and shake as no others in our whole range of song since Wordsworth declined from his best."

THERE is a good paper in the January *Macmillan* comparing the characters and literary tastes of T. E. Brown and Edward FitzGerald. The comparison is deftly

elaborated, from their love of Sophocles to their love of Crabbe. "FitzGerald sobbed over Sophocles. Brown declared that the tremendous parabasis, 'Ἄγε δὴ φύσω ἄσδες ἀναυρόβιοι, from 'The Birds' of Aristophanes made him tremble." Both men had a passion for music, both loved the sea, and both were wedded to their native soil, with its growth of words and character. "Both had the poet's eye and ear for all the fairest sights and sounds of life, and the tender heart for human suffering. And therefore both suffered much themselves."

THE *Cornhill Magazine* is about to enter on the forty-first year of its existence, and its January number is appropriately freighted with an article of reminiscences by Mr. George Smith, who tells the story of the magazine from the first bright idea to its full and successful establishment under Thackeray. A very amusing item in the same number is Mr. Andrew Lang's article, "Examinations in Fiction," founded on a "Student's Guide to the School of Literæ Fictitiæ," printed at Oxford in 1855, and anticipating to some extent Calverley's famous Cambridge examination on *Pickwick*. Some of the questions are fooling, others serious and excellent, as, for instance:

Does the history of prose fiction up to the present time afford any grounds for conceiving its course to be subject to a law of recurrence in a cycle?

Compare, with a view to ascertain the relative excellence of their authors as pathetic writers, the death scenes of Clarissa Harlowe, Ruth, Paul Dombey, Guy Morville, Eva St. Clair, Le Fevre.

Mark the progress of society towards philanthropy by comparing (1) the tone of Fielding's novels, (2) of the earlier and later works of Dickens.

But the cream of the article is the set of questions in *Literæ Fictitiæ* which Mr. Lang himself propounds for novel critics of these days, when fiction claims to be doing the work of prophecy, science, religion, government, and biblical criticism. From Mr. Lang's fourteen questions we select eight:

1. State and discuss Miss Corelli's theory of a molecule, distinguishing, if possible, a molecule from a microbe.

2. Criticise Mr. Hall Caine's biblical knowledge with reference to his theory of the destruction of Sodom. How far is it in accordance (a) with the Hebrew traditions, (b) with the evidence of the monuments, (c) with the higher criticism?

3. Criticise the use of hypnotism by modern authors. How far is its treatment by Mr. George Macdonald and Mr. A. E. W. Mason in accordance with the teaching (a) of the Salpetrière, (b) of the Nancy schools?

6. Give a recipe (a) for an historical, (b) for a prehistoric, (c) for a scientific novel, (d) for a novel of the future.

7. Briefly sketch a romance intended to demonstrate the genuine and archaic character of the Book of Deuteronomy, showing how you would work in "the love interest."

8. State the etymology of the word "boom." Show how a boom may best be organised. Mention the earliest known date at which the pulpit was used as an engine for booming a novel.

12. Discuss American historical novels, mentioning, if you can, any examples in which Washington is not introduced.

14. Discuss the theory that *Esmond* is a work by many various hands, giving reasons for your opinion, and drawing inferences as to the unity of the *Iliad*.

We may mention, for students of parody, that Mr. Lang's paper contains a rendering into the style of Dr. Johnson of Tony Weller's celebrated remarks on the unnaturalness of poetry.

From the secretary of the Public Library in far-off Hawera, New Zealand, we have received a "Visitor's Privilege Ticket," entitling us to borrow books from the

Hawera Library for one month. The fact that our month has expired during the ticket's voyage to England does not lessen our gratitude, especially as the ticket is accompanied by particulars interesting to bookmen and gratifying to ourselves. The secretary writes:

In this bright little New Zealand town of 2,500 people we maintain an excellent institution, which, socially, financially, and as an educative influence is quite a success. Each ticket is practically a family one, as it enables the subscriber to take three books. No irksome restrictions are placed upon readers.

We have a free room in which twenty-two daily and six weekly papers are filed.

The secret of success is the selection of the newest books every week. These are notified in the daily paper. The ACADEMY is the guide from which we purchase.

THE Vale Press reprint of Benvenuto Cellini's Memoir (J. A. Symonds's translation) is the handsomest work that has been issued under the direction of Mr. Ricketts since the production of the Vale type in 1896. It is of folio shape, considerably larger than any of the other works of the series, and is issued in two volumes, of which only the first has yet appeared. Like most of the recent Vale Press editions, it was out of print before publication. So far as is known at present, this is the last work which will be published in the Vale type. The Shakespeare, of which nine volumes have appeared out of thirty-six, is printed in a special type that was designed for it, and will continue to appear for many months to come.

ANOTHER very interesting printing venture, which is just about to publish its first announcement, is the press which Mr. Emery Walker and Mr. Cobden Sanderson have started at Hammersmith to revive the fine old type of Jensen. A specimen leaflet has already been privately issued, and shows that the difficulty of reproducing an ancient type has been most successfully overcome. The first work set up by Messrs. Walker & Sanderson is the little *Agricola* of Tacitus, with text arranged by Mr. Mackail. This is almost ready for issue. Other works which are in course of preparation are Ruskin's *Unto this Last* and an edition of the Bible, to be published by arrangement with the Cambridge Press. The completion of this great work will, however, depend partly on the support it receives.

IN America a somewhat similar undertaking is being carried out by Mr. D. B. Updike, at the Merrymount Press, Boston; and, curiously enough, Mr. Updike's trial volume is also to be the *Agricola*. The choice is a mere coincidence, both printers being aware that Latin looks handsomer than English in type, and the *Agricola* being probably selected as the shortest treatise of any recognised merit. Mr. Updike, on hearing what was being done at the Hammersmith Press, has sent over one or two specimen pages of his work, which will be a handsome foolscap folio, probably of no great bulk. His type resembles rather the Jensen revival than the Kelmscott or Vale Press models, and was designed by Mr. Goodhue, the author of the imitation Morris type which is so popular among printers just now. While on this subject we may mention that Mr. C. R. Ashbee, of the Guild of Handicrafts, has also designed a new type, and that the first book printed in it is announced for publication. Hitherto the works issued from Essex House have been printed in "Caslon" type.

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal* discourses on the books he has picked from the "Twopenny Stall." For twopence, as he justly points out, one can pick up a great deal of good old literature well worth putting on one's shelf at the price. For twopence the writer of the article, Mr.

Arthur L. Salmon, has, we note, purchased the following books, mostly old editions in good states:

Thomson's *Seasons*.
Thomas Warton's *Poems*.
Gray's *Complete Works*. (Mason's edition.)
Dr. James Beattie's *Works*.
The *Poetical Works* of Smollett and Thomas Tickell in one volume.
Ambrose Phillips's *Poems*.
Akenside's *Poems*. (Cooke's edition.)
Pope's *Homer*.
Dryden's *Virgil*.
Cowper's *Iliad*.
Fairfax's *Tasso*.
Glover's *Leonidas*.
Gay's *Poems* bound up with Cotton's *Visions in Verse*, and Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*.
Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*.
Falconer's *Shipwreck*, and Somerville's *Chace* in one volume.
Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*.

We have picked these titles out of the pleasant rivulet of comment in which they are set by Mr. Salmon.

STUDENTS of Charles Lamb should not miss the interesting "Lamb Jottings" contributed by Mr. J. A. Rutter to *Notes and Queries* of last week. Mr. Rutter points out some errors in Canon Ainger's *édition de luxe* which the *Quarterly* had pronounced "final." On one point Mr. Rutter incidentally sheds a new light. It has not been clearly known what were Lamb's duties and emoluments during his brief employment at the South Sea House. Mr. Rutter says: "In a small exhibit of documents illustrative of the great Bubble, preserved in the Albert Museum at Exeter, I found the following:

Rec^d 8th feb^y 1792 of the Honble South Sea Company by the hands of their Secretary Twelve pounds 1s. 6d. for 23 weeks attendance in the Examiners Office.
£12 : 1 : 6. CHARLES LAMB."

Only the signature is in Lamb's hand. Brief as it is this document furnishes some definite information. That "indolence almost cloistral" which Elia attributed to the South Sea House seems to be reflected in this long delayed payment to a young extra clerk of his small wages.

AMONG those magazines which are putting on a wedding garment for the Twentieth Century is the *Art Journal*, which appears in a newly designed cover with a bold effect of black and orange. The January number contains the first of a series of articles on the Wallace Collection, by Mr. Claude Phillips.

THE *Student*, the magazine of Edinburgh University, has arranged a novel and interesting method of celebrating the commencement of the Twentieth Century. About the middle of next month a special New Century number will appear, consisting of contributions from well known men of letters, both in England and Scotland. The list of contributors is by no means complete, but it already contains such names as Mr. William Archer, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Evelyn Abbott, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Neil Munro, Sir George Douglas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. John Buchan, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Louis N. Parker, and many others. This venture of the Edinburgh undergraduates is likely to be of great literary interest.

THE January *Pall Mall Magazine* is notable for an excellent illustrated article on M. Rodin, the greatest living sculptor, by Marie van Vorst. The article has the more timely interest because of the movement now on foot in this country to buy one of Rodin's bronzes for presentation to South Kensington Museum, a movement which has the support of Prof. Legros, Mr. Sydney Colvin, Mr. Sargent, R.A., and other artists and connoisseurs of note.

Rodin is now sixty years of age, and he is represented to us as full of vitality. "Standing before the head of *L'Homme au Nez Cassé* (curiously enough the milestone of his first defeat, refused by the Salon in 1864), his masterpieces all around him, in the mellow light of the autumn sun falling on exquisite marble or dark bronze, Rodin said: 'It is good to be alive. I find existence marvellous, glorious. These effigies of human pain' (and he indicated a bronze representing an emaciated poet dying on the knees of the Muse) 'no longer make me suffer as they used. I am happy. To me nature is so beautiful, the truths of humanity are so thrilling, that I have grown to adore life and the world. *Je trouve que la vie est tellement belle!*'" Rodin's masterpiece, the *Porte de l'Enfer* ("Door of Hades") has yet to be seen by the world. This great group has occupied him for fifteen years, and has been ordered by the Museum of Decorative Art in Paris.

MR. JOHN A. STEUART has resigned the editorship of the *Publishers' Circular*, the issue of this week being the last for which he is responsible. Mr. Steuart's new novel, *The Eternal Quest*, will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson in February next.

Bibliographical.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN promise us the *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks*, written and edited by Prof. A. V. G. Allen; and, no doubt, the work will be interesting and, perhaps, valuable. Meanwhile, at least two monographs on the distinguished American bishop have been published in England—one by a Mr. Dunbar in 1893, and another by a Mr. De Wolfe Howe so recently as 1899. Quite a large number of works by the bishop have found their way across the Atlantic. To name only some, we have had *The Influence of Jesus* (lectures, 1879), *The Candle of the Lord* (sermons, 1881), *Sermons Preached in English Churches* (1883), *Lectures on Preaching* (1881 and 1885), *Twenty Sermons* (1886), *Tolerance* (lectures, 1887), *The Light of the World and Spiritual Man* (sermons, 1891), *Letters of Travel* (1893), *The Mystery of Iniquity* (sermons, 1893), *Essays and Addresses* (1894), and *The More Abundant Life* (1897). In addition to these we have had two volumes of extracts from the bishop's writings—*Brilliant* (1893) and *Words of Strength and Cheer* (1898). Altogether, this excellent divine must be fairly well represented on the bookshelves of our clergy and more thoughtful laymen.

We are to have, it seems, a new, revised, and augmented edition of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Poems of Passion and Poems of Pleasure*. These volumes appear to have been introduced to the British public in 1894 and 1896 respectively. The works of Miss Wilcox have, however, been before the English reader for at least some ten years past. Her books called *A Double Life* and *How Salvator Won* were circulated over here in 1891. In 1892 came *An Erring Woman's Love* and *The Beautiful Land of Nod*; to 1893 belongs the book called *Men, Women, and Emotions*; and in 1896 we had *Caster, and Other Poems*. Apparently, the latest thing that Miss Wilcox has given us is a volume entitled *Maurine, and Other Poems*. This is not the place in which to discourse on the merits or demerits of Miss Wilcox's verse; but that it has had, and still has, a certain amount of vogue in this country the above memoranda make tolerably clear.

In his *Reason of Church Government* Milton wrote—"By labour and intent study . . . joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." It so happens that the last phrase of the last clause of the sentence has come into almost universal use. But, behold, a greater than Milton is here. A writer in the latest issue of the *Sunday Times*, signing himself "C. J.,"

describes the phrase as "common, and perhaps somewhat foolish." "Taken literally," we are told, it "is ridiculous, because any willing consideration of literature is obviously just the thing which keeps it alive." Why does not "C. J." set to work and re-write poor old Milton?

It is interesting to note that the *Ought We to Visit Her?* of Mrs. Annie Edwardes is to come out in a sixpenny edition. This argues for the story a vitality which one would hardly have thought that it possessed, clever as it is, and clever as the author's writings always were. The tale, I may add, has the unique distinction of being the only English work, of any kind, which Mr. W. S. Gilbert has adapted to the stage. His dramatic version of it was brought out at the Royalty Theatre in January, 1874.

The recurrence of Dr. Samuel Smiles's birthday—the eighty-eighth anniversary—will recall to all middle-aged readers the big popular success made, just thirty years ago, by Dr. Smiles's *Self-Help*. He had already produced his *Life of George Stephenson*, but it was *Self-Help* that made him as a writer. After that everything he did went well—the *Lives of the Engineers*, the *Lives of Boulton and Watt*, the *Huguenots*, the *Life of George Moore*, the *Life of Robert Dick*, and so forth. The best indication of what is most likely, of all his work, to please the coming generation may be found, perhaps, in the list of those books of his of which a uniform new edition appeared three years ago. These were: *Character, Duty, Industrial Biography, Jasmin, Life and Labour, Men of Invention and Discovery, Self-Help, Thomas Edward, and Thrift*. Of these, *Character, Duty, Self-Help*, and *Thrift* may last the longest. It is difficult, meanwhile, to believe that it is very nearly ten years since Dr. Smiles brought out his biography of John Murray—*A Publisher and His Friends*.

I see we are to have a monthly publication, to be called the *Thrush*, which is to consist of "original" verse by living writers. It has my best wishes, though I cannot say I think there is any "felt want" which it will "supply." Is there no room for this sort of thing in the magazines and the country newspapers? Anyway, I trust that this *Thrush* at least will not sing each song twice over; we shall be satisfied, probably, with the first fine careless raptures. *Apropos*: did not the late W. C. Bennett issue a serial called the *Lark*, also consisting of poetry, though (if I remember rightly) of selected poetry only? Is it too late to change the title of the new monthly in favour of Bennett's older and better choice? Think of the charming motto from Coleridge that would be available—

The Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—

which, I suppose, is what the contributors to the *Thrush* are proposing to do.

Among the books to be expected shortly is one on *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man*, from the pen of the America *littérateur*, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Many writers have tried to build up a plausible figure of "the man Shakespeare"; it will be interesting to note what our Transatlantic contemporary has to contribute on the subject. Of Shakespeare the dramatist very much less has been written, even by the Germans, than of Shakespeare the poet; and, indeed, the topic could only be dealt with adequately by one who had witnessed many of the public representations of the plays. It is in studying them as performed that the dramatic weakness of certain of them is forced upon the critic.

It is said we are to have the autobiography of John Stuart Blackie in the form of a volume to be called *The Day-Book* of that worthy. Did Blackie really keep a diary, or is the promised work to be simply a sort of calendar made up of autobiographic fragments? Meanwhile, the proposed title recalls that of *The Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre*, and is none the worse for doing so.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Atlas of Criticism.

A HISTORY OF CRITICISM AND LITERARY TASTE IN EUROPE. By George Saintsbury. Vol. I.: *Classical and Mediæval Criticism*. (Blackwood. 16s. net.)

IT is Prof. Saintsbury's design to furnish young critics with an "atlas" of "the theory and practice of criticism," such as he himself felt the need of when, some thirty years ago, he was first "asked to undertake the duties of a critic." Great as the value of his book may certainly be, when wisely used, we should hesitate to commend it to a young critic without a very strong warning, both against the literary models which Prof. Saintsbury's own writing affords, and against the views as to the limitations and functions of criticism which he holds. There is, indeed, no writer worth reading at all whom we read with less pleasure. Faults of style and taste stand out on every page. The English is without dignity or decorum. Broken-backed sentences stagger under the weight of parenthetic and appended clauses, and are starred with ugly catchwords and unnecessary neologisms. Prof. Saintsbury is as cocksure as Mr. Chamberlain; nor does he ever spare to offend us with arrogant assertions of the extent of his own reading in several languages, or with sneers at branches of research, phonetics, textual criticism, the "higher criticism" of the Bible and Homer, or whatever it may be, which lie outside the somewhat narrow limits of his own literary interests. All these are matters of subjective liking, apart from what seems to us the general incorrectness of his attitude towards literature and criticism. Nor does our prejudice go so far as to deny him more than one sterling merit. He has read widely, with a lucid brain, a rapid judgment, and a strong memory. He does not shun his share of literary drudgery, and behind whatever he writes there is a solid basis of erudition. His criticism, even where we think it unsound, is the outcome of a thoroughly honest attempt to see and judge for himself. It is not mere book-making at second-hand. And, best of all, he has, within his limitations, a genuine and infectious enthusiasm for some at least of the delightful things of letters.

For good or for evil, all Prof. Saintsbury's qualities find characteristic expression in the *History of Criticism and Literary Taste* before us. The work is planned on a generous scale. Ultimately it will consist of three thick volumes, of which the present instalment deals with Greece, Rome, and the Middle Ages; a second and third will continue the tale through the Renaissance to modern times. Before attempting anything in the way of a summary it will be best to follow Prof. Saintsbury himself in setting down precisely what it is that, for the purposes of his treatment, he considers as included in the term criticism.

The criticism which will be dealt with here is that function of the judgment which busies itself with the goodness or badness, the success or ill-success, of literature from the purely literary point of view. Other offices of the critic, real or so-called, will occupy us slightly or not at all.

A page later this is expanded:

The Criticism, or modified Rhetoric, of which this book attempts to give a history, is pretty much the same thing as the reasoned exercise of Literary Taste—the attempt, by examination of literature, to find out what it is that makes literature pleasant, and therefore good—the discovery, classification, and, as far as possible, tracing to their sources, of the qualities of poetry and prose, of style and metre, the classification of literary kinds, the examination and "proving," as arms are proved, of literary means and weapons, not neglecting the observation of literary fashions and the like.

The obvious remark to make upon this definition is that it takes a good deal for granted. Prof. Saintsbury has

ruled out of his inquiry the whole of what he calls "the more transcendental æsthetic." He does not discuss the philosophy of the beautiful, or the place of art in life or in the human ideal, or the psychology of artistic or literary production, or the historical origins of art and song. Yet on such discussions and their result the rightness or wrongness of his definition depends. We demur, as many would demur, to the hedonistic way in which it is stated. Doubtless good literature is pleasant, but is literature pleasant because it is good? And whose pleasure is the test? Certainly not the writer's, as a psychological fact. And if the reader's, as we understand Prof. Saintsbury to mean, then what reader's? Mr. T. E. Brown found pleasure in the works of Mr. Hall Caine, and so do many others. These things cannot be thrashed out here. But our point is that Prof. Saintsbury has not thrashed them out either, and that therefore it must be borne in mind throughout his book that the whole argument of it is coloured by an unverified and highly disputable definition.

Prof. Saintsbury's opinion on another even more important question of critical principle, is not so explicitly stated in the definition; but he does not long leave us in doubt as to what it is. The "purely literary point of view," from which criticism is to judge literature, is explained to be the point of view which commands the form of literature without its content. This is the moribund heresy of "art for art's sake." What you say does not matter, so long as you say it in such a way as to produce the *oikeia hedone* of the particular mode of expression you have chosen. Those who differ from Prof. Saintsbury have "a mania for insisting that literary criticism shall perpetually mix itself up with ethics and psychology." Dante is claimed as agreeing with him, that "the ultimate and real test of literary excellence" lies "in the expression, not in the meaning." To think that literature can be "judged adequately as an expression of national life," is to harbour a fallacy whence will come "a brood of monsters." *Und so weiter*. Here, again, Prof. Saintsbury is making an assumption from which many critics will absolutely dissent, and we point it out with the intention, not of arguing it here, but of warning the reader, and especially the young critic, that the consciousness of this assumption must accompany him throughout the book.

He will not, however, find it difficult to disentangle, as he goes along, what is dubious in Prof. Saintsbury's comment and bias from what is clearly valuable in the facts he brings out. The chapters follow a chronological order, and the method is largely that of a copious analysis of all the more important critical writings during the Greek, Roman, and Mediæval periods, together with a brief summary of slighter works, and of incidental illustrations of literary taste gathered from books not professedly critical. It must have been an arid task enough to plough through so many second-rate rhetoricians, and thorough praise is due to the completeness and lucidity of Prof. Saintsbury's exposition. At intervals he stops and sums up the total results of a period in a convenient "interchapter." It must not be denied that the total critical outcome of the ages traversed is not great. Neither insolent Greece nor haughty Rome were critically disposed; their self-consciousness did not take precisely that form. The Middle Ages were too busy in transforming the ideals of literature to reflect much upon its processes. The utterances of most of the writers with whom Prof. Saintsbury deals may be wisely taken from him at second-hand; they are hopelessly jejune, engrossed with the minute classification of tropes and figures, and far less with literature in any reasonable sense than with rhetoric as the base art of persuasion. Aristotle, of course, is fundamental; and so, too, is Plato, though Prof. Saintsbury's assumptions blur his appreciation of the fact. Horace has already a place beyond his deserts. Quintilian cannot safely be neglected. But it is Longinus, or whoever wrote the anonymous treatise "On

the Sublime," and Dante, if, as is almost certain, Dante wrote the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," for whom Prof. Saintsbury would claim an attention which they have not always in adequate measure received. "Literary elevation" rather than "the Sublime," the qualities that transport and give ecstasy—these are what Longinus demanded, and, demanding them, he went to the heart of the critic's business.

Amid the desert and chaos of wasted industry there stands the great rock of the *Περὶ ῥήσεως*, with its shade and refreshment in the weary land of its own contemporaries, and with its brow catching the dawn which was not to shine fully for more than fifteen hundred years, and is hardly noon-day yet. . . . The intelligent enjoyment of literature; the intimacy with it, at once voluptuous and intellectual; the untiring, though it may be never fully satisfied, quest after the secret of its charms, never neglecting the opportunity of basking and revelling in them—these things, till we come to Longinus, are rare indeed. And when we do meet them, the *rencontre* is of a sort of accidental and shame-faced character. When we come to Longinus there is no more false modesty. "Beautiful words are the light of thought." These words themselves are the lantern of criticism.

We do not wish to belittle Longinus, for his point, even if only a half-truth, was a big one to make; and the aspiration to the "Sublime" does not exclude a "Sublime" that is more than merely verbal. He "hitched his waggon to a star," indeed! But, of course, it is the specific requirement of beautiful words that pleases Prof. Saintsbury; just as it is on account of Dante's "bent towards formal criticism—towards considerations of prosody, of harmony, of vocabulary, of structure"—that this historian claims for the "De Vulgari Eloquentia" "not merely the position of the most important critical document between Longinus and the seventeenth century at least, but one of intrinsic importance on a line with that of the very greatest critical documents of all history." The magic of words is a thing that no advocate of soul in literature will deny; let us, as an antidote to Prof. Saintsbury, conclude with a quotation from a great con-juror with words:

Literature [says Mr. Pater], by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art. Good art, but not necessarily great art: the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on its matter. Thackeray's *Esmond*, surely, is greater art than Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les Misérables*, *The English Bible*, are great art.

In Book Form.

Herod: a Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

To read *Herod*, and to see it acted, are two different things. But, while it certainly loses force in representation, there can be no doubt that the loss is due to no fault of the playwright. The austere rendering of the grand emotions, even the audible and intelligent articulation of blank verse, are scarcely possible under the conditions of the modern stage in England. One may be, happily, sure, however, that the composition of a few more plays like *Herod* will soon work a change; for the stage always moves, backwards or forwards, with the

playwright: no other influence permanently affects it. In *Herod* Mr. Phillips is a playwright first and a poet afterwards. Matthew Arnold, in the invaluable Preface to the 1853 edition of his *Poems*, remarks that "at the present day we can hardly understand what Menander meant when he told a man who inquired as to the progress of his comedy that he had finished it, not having yet written a single line, because he had constructed the action of it in his mind." Mr. Phillips has clearly returned to the classical method; everywhere the poetry is subordinated to the action, and the author's aim is at that "total impression" upon which Matthew Arnold so strenuously and rightly insisted. Here, in *Herod*, is drama which happens to be poetry, not poetry which happens to be drama. The "action" is the best part of it. Judged on the comparatively low plane of mere theatric invention, *Herod* is very deft. The introduction of the swooning women during the absence of Herod and Mariamne in the first act is a good example of Mr. Phillips's invention. Cypros' plot against Mariamne in the second act is well devised—yet how simply!—to meet the situation; and, indeed, the whole play is full of the felicities of a born stage-craftsman. The dramatic (as distinguished from the theatric) merits of the piece are admirable. The clash of Herod's two motives—his passion for Mariamne and his murderous hatred of her beloved brother—resounds fatefully in the very beginning, and almost at once we are faced with the great situation of Herod making tempestuous love to Mariamne in the full knowledge that Aristobulus is at the very moment being murdered. This is to conceive in the grand manner of old tragedy. From the first, Herod, with all his tigerish personal force, is helpless in the clutch of circumstance, helpless even in his love. Says Mariamne:

You rushed on me like fire, and a wind drove you,
Thou who didst never fear, Herod, my Herod,
Now clasp me close as thou didst clasp me then,
When like a hundred lightnings brands upsprung
In the night sudden. Then did you laugh out
And whirled me like a god through the dark away.

He raised Aristobulus to high and sacred office in order to please her. He struck the youth down in order to save his throne; and note that his crime was not the killing of Aristobulus (murder was a trifle in Judæa) but the desolating of Mariamne. But he had no alternative; there was no escape from fate. Mariamne's own death follows like a logical consequence the death of Aristobulus: Herod's love was the cause of the one, through arousing the jealousy of Cypros and Salome, just as much as of the other. Blame him for nothing but a too passionate love. It was in the first meeting of their lips that all the ruin was wrought. And Herod, ejaculating at the close,

I have outspanned life, and the worm of God,
Imagining I am already dead,
Begins to prey on me,

was aware of this.

Turning to the "expression" of the play, although it is often beautiful, we do not think it is quite as fine as the "action." For austere discarding the "purple patch" Mr. Phillips must be warmly praised. Not once does he attempt, in the wrong sense, to "write." His one desire is to tell the story, never to discover excuses for splendour of imagery and gorgeous words. There are fine lines and passages in *Herod*, but scarcely once do they attain the highest standard. And at their best they seem to be imitated from the Elizabethan model:

Summon the queen,
Or I will not call earthly vengeance down.
I have exhausted earth, I'll fetch the lightning
And call on thunder like an Emperor!

And again :

I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery ;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon ;

And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive.

This may be fine, but is it fine enough? Has it an individual ring, a fresh inspiration? In our view there is nothing in *Herod* so fine as the best parts of *Marpessa*, except, perhaps, Herod's imperious cry when he dreams of re-creating Mariamne :

Can I
Not imitate in furious ecstasy
What God hath coldly made?

Mr. Phillips is a rather impressive Elizabethan, but in almost any Elizabethan play of the second-class one can find passages of an absolute virile beauty to which he cannot reach.

Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Yes, I do know, my lord :
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep ;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue ; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Or this :

Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I.

These are not Shakespeare; merely Beaumont and Fletcher, chosen at random.

When Mr. Phillips abandons his great exemplars and essays the poetry of the nineteenth century he is apt to fall into prettiness and flimsiness.

Nor long and leafy Lebanonian sigh
is not good. And

The low long " Ah " of foliage
is feeble. He uses the word " burn " (in the " Tiger, Tiger " sense) too frequently, and that Mesopotamian word " Lebanonian " has an undue fascination for him. The couplet-like effect of

Some fancy, all incredible to me,
But which alone diverts insanity,

is unfortunate, and so is the unintended Americanism in
Am I that Herod

That fired the robbers out of Galilee?

We have made a few animadversions upon the poetical quality of *Herod*. On the other hand, its dramatic quality is remarkable.

Mrs. Earle's Museum.

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle.
(Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

Mrs. EARLE goes on with the big book, of which her *Home Life in Colonial Days*, her *Child Life in Colonial Days*, and the present work are virtually constituent volumes, though they appear under different titles. Hers has been a delightful hobby, pursued with zest, and made fruitful to others by a clever pen and illustrations which no hand but hers could have brought together. The present volume differs from the others only in

affording glimpses of a less puritanic and more open-air life than that which was depicted in its predecessors, wherein we were often made to feel the pious stuffiness of New England life. The tavern now rears its head under strange restraints, and with strange freedoms. It was established by the elect for the convenience of travellers and the comfort of the townspeople; indeed, a township which did not provide an ordinary was liable to a fine. But under how many restrictions? Under a hundred, that gradually became fewer as the times broadened. "Sack or strong waters" might not be sold; "carding," bowls, billiards, and quoits were forbidden at the ordinaries; and the tithing-man, an officer of intolerable importance, controlled not only the landlord but the customers, dashing the cup from the very lips of the too freely imbibing traveller. Tobacco was a sin, and no tavern might harbour it, under fine. Later, it might be smoked in a private room of the inn, but not "publicly"; and in any case two men might not smoke together. In Connecticut an indulgent Legislature permitted a man to smoke one pipe in a journey of ten miles. It is amusing to note that while a man might not under any pretence light his pipe within two miles of a meeting-house on the Sabbath-day, the tavern-keeper was often invited, even compelled, to set his roof-tree close to the meeting-house. This regulation harks us back to what Mrs. Earle has graphically told us elsewhere of the arctic temperature which was maintained in the meeting-house by its wretched stove. Men swung their arms to keep warm while they prayed, and women and children cowered half-frozen to receive grace from above. Hence, between morning and afternoon service, the whole company adjourned to the tavern; and this "nooning," as it was called, was not without its scandals, many a godly church-member returning to the meeting-house in a state of warmth which affected his walk and words. We have not space to touch on Mrs. Earle's wealth of tavern curiosities, mugs, jugs, signs, landlords, and liquors. The great liquors were rum, cider, and flip. Flip was made in many ways; but it could not be made without thrusting a red-hot poker into the beer on which it was built up.

As in England, so in New England, the tavern opened its arms to shows and stage-plays. The first attempts to "edge in" the drama were made in the Boston coffee-houses, in one of which two English strollers gave a version of Otway's "Orphans," and were sent packing. The word "play" was, indeed, anathema; and one of the gems of this volume is the copy of a Shakesperean play-bill put forward by a manager in a Newport tavern. Here is a portion of it:

KINGS ARMS TAVERN NEWPORT RHODE ISLAND.

On Monday, June 10th, at the Public Room of the Above Inn will be delivered a series of

Moral Dialogues

In Five Parts.

Depicting the evil effects of jealousy and other bad passions and Proving that happiness can only spring from the pursuit of Virtue.

MR. DOUGLASS—Will represent a noble magnanimous Moor called Othello, who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and, after he marries her, harbours (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy.

*Of jealousy, our being's bane,
Mark the small cause and the most dreadful pain.*

MR. ALLYN—Will depict the character of a specious villain, in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion and to impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

*The man that wrongs his master and his friend
What can he come to but a shameful end?*

Various other Dialogues, too numerous to mention here, will be delivered at night, all adapted to the mind and manners. The whole will be repeated on Wednesday and on Saturday. Tickets, six shillings each, to be had within. Commencement at 7. Conclusion at half-past ten: in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest.

God save the King
Long may he sway.
East, north, and south
And fair America.

The tavern soon became a coaching-house, and it is curious to see how coaching thrived English-wise in the new country. The first coach between New York and Philadelphia did the journey in three days, and was driven by one John Butler, "an aged huntsman who kept a kennel of hounds till foxes were shy of Philadelphia streets, when his old sporting companions thus made a place for him." That was in 1759. Butler was the father of a race of magnificent coachmen, men of science and dignity, who were adored by their passengers, and ruled the road from end to end. These men would boast that horses were changed before the coach stopped rocking. Their very whips were of the knowingest build and size. "The rule of perfection was that it should be five feet one and one-half inches from butt to holder, and twelve feet five inches long from holder to end of point of lash." An anecdote which lights up custom and character as well as any in the book, is as follows:

There was a closeness of association in stage-coach travel which made fellow-passengers companionable. One would feel a decided intimacy with a fellow-sufferer who had risen several mornings in succession with you, at day-break, and ridden all night, cheek by jowl. Even fellow-travellers on short trips entered into conversation, and the characteristic inquisitiveness was shown. Ralph Waldo Emerson took great delight in this experience of his in stage-coach travel. A sharp-featured, keen-eyed, elderly Yankee woman rode in a Vermont coach opposite a woman deeply veiled and garbed in mourning attire, and the older woman thus entered into conversation: "Have you lost friends?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have." "Was they near friends?" "Yes, they was." "How near was they?" "A husband and a brother." "Where did they die?" "Down in Mobile." "What did they die of?" "Yellow fever." "How long was they sick?" "Not very long." "Was they seafaring men?" "Yes, they was." "Did you save their chists?" "Yes, I did." "Was they hopefully pious?" "I hope so." "Well, if you have got their chists (with emphasis), and they was hopefully pious, you've got much to be thankful for."

Piquancy of humour and fragrance of regret mingle very happily in all that Mrs. Earle writes. And especially the fragrance of regret, now that the gates of another century are about to shut with a surly clang.

Academic Wit.

Reminiscences of Oxford. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. (Cassell. 9s.)

MR. TUCKWELL was born in the reign of George the Fourth, and his remembrance of Oxford goes back to the dim and distant 'thirties, when the Duke of Wellington was Chancellor, and Keble and Newman first began to perturb a placid Church. Of those days, and of many days since, he has a budget of genial and racy stories to tell, and a number of detailed reminiscences to register which will have a considerable value for the academic historian of the future. Naturally, some of his jests are chestnuts, but he taps a stratum of myth beyond the reach of most of his contemporaries. Few, for instance,

remember "Mo" Griffith and Frowd, the Senior Fellows of Merton and Corpus in the 'forties, and their daily walk round Christchurch Meadow, in the course of which Frowd was once heard to lament the lack of "Originals" in Oxford as compared with their earlier days, to be met with the stiffly delivered suggestion: "Has it never occurred to you, Dr. Frowd, that you and I are the 'Originals' of to-day?" Griffith was the greater character of the two, a notable eater:

Dr. Wootten, an Oxford physician, dined with him one day, and did scant justice to the dishes: "My maxim, Mr. Griffith, is to eat and leave off hungry." Mo threw up his hands, as he was wont: "Eat and leave off hungry! Why not wash and leave off dirty?"

The achievements of scholarship are necessarily fleeting, and there have been great Oxford Grecians whose names are preserved more securely by some traditional story than by all their commentaries and lexicons. Among such are Gaisford and Linwood. Of Gaisford, who was Dean of Christchurch, Mr. Tuckwell recalls the famous peroration in a Christmas sermon:

Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument.

Linwood was a boor, with a genius for composition in the dead tongues. When an examiner for Greats, he scandalised his colleagues by proposing to "throw all that other rubbish into the fire, and go by the Greek prose." Late in life he read St. Paul's Epistles for the first time, and, being asked what he thought of them, reported "that they contained a good deal of curious matter, but that the Greek was execrable." A university is essentially a democratic institution, and, whatever the outside scoffer may say, it is not true that a courteous manner is the invariable passport to success. A late distinguished professor is said to have enjoyed writing a book on Holland because it was "a low country and full of dams." One day Thorold Rogers was invited to meet Freeman at dinner, and the conversation turned on political economy. "Political economy," said Freeman, "always seems to me so much garbage." "Garbage is it?" retorted Rogers, "then it ought to be good enough for a hog like you." A truly Shakespearean encounter! It was at Oxford, too, that Huxley told Bishop Wilberforce how he "would rather be descended from an ape than from a divine who employs authority to stifle truth." This, however, was excusable, for "Soapy Sam" posing as a scientist must have been enough to irritate a milder biologist than Huxley. Science is at home in Oxford now, and the days are gone when Gaisford could thank God on Buckland's departure for Italy, because "we shall hear no more of his geology," or when Keble could dogmatically declare that "when God made the stones he made the fossils in them." There was more humour in the undergraduate who broke up Dr. Acland's conferences on animal instinct by a grave statement that "he knew a man whose sister had a tame jelly-fish which would sit up and beg"; and more modesty in the churchmanship of Dr. Solomon Caesar Malan, who knew seventy languages, and when preaching always prayed into a cap within which was inscribed a text from the story of Balaam: "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she spake—."

Many readers will be glad to possess the collection of Balliol epigrams which Mr. Tuckwell prints in an appendix. Perhaps it was indiscreet of him, as many of the victims are living, and some are distinguished. But there they are, and one at least we cannot refrain from quoting:

I am Mr. Andrew Bradley:
When my liver's doing sadly,
I take refuge from the brute
In the blessed Absolute.

An Era and a Man.

The Englishman in China. By Alexander Michie. (Blackwood. 38s. net.)

It is extraordinarily difficult to arouse any interest in the affairs of China in the mind of the ordinary man. But it is not for want of trying, for everyone who has been in China seems to have written a book on the subject, and with singular unanimity denounces our supineness and ignorance of the Far East. To the stay-at-homes among us China is very far off, and a land of fairy tales and Arabian Nights' stories, so that they cannot be persuaded to take it seriously. However, the public must be roused or nothing will be done, and we shall see a magnificent trade slip away from the hands that are too nerveless to grasp it. For gaining an insight into the real China few books have been published of late that are better qualified to instruct than Mr. Alexander Michie's two bulky volumes, the full title of which is: *The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era, as illustrated by the career of Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., D.C.L., many years Consul and Minister in China and Japan.* This portentous title in reality very accurately describes the work, for it is more than a biography, and yet not quite a history: it is the story of an era as illustrated by the life of one great man.

History repeats itself, we are told; but nowhere does it repeat itself with such unflinching accuracy as in China. The changeless East is ever the same, and there are a thousand times as many changes in fifty years of Europe as in a cycle of Cathay. Hence it is that whole pages of the history of the 'forties are vital and actual to-day, and, with only the names of the protagonists altered, might serve as comment on what is going on to-day. In 1839, in 1869, in 1899, these words hold good: "the British Government was so friendly and pacific that they would endure anything"; and there is not a man living who, without previous knowledge, could tell in which of the three years they were originally spoken. It is true that we have ceased to leave the persons and property of British subjects at the mercy of Chinese officials, and to give up Englishmen to be strangled on the demand of the Chinese authorities, and for that those who have business in the Far East are, let us hope, duly grateful. But there seems some blighting influence in life in China which renders our officials out there subservient to the Chinese, and it was not to Sir John Davis, our Minister out there, but to Lord Palmerston that we owed the change. The Foreign Secretary wrote in 1847:

I have to instruct you to demand the punishment of the parties guilty of this outrage [an assault on some British officers]; and you will, moreover, inform the Chinese authorities in plain and distinct terms that the British Government will not tolerate that a Chinese mob shall with impunity maltreat British subjects in China whenever they get them into their power; and that if the Chinese authorities will not by the exercise of their own power punish and prevent such outrages, the British Government will be obliged to take the matter into their own hands.

To do Sir John Davis justice, he was anxious to act boldly; but he had been so tied down to a policy of "forbearance" by previous Foreign Ministers that he had never ventured to hold his own against the overbearing Chinese officials.

As Consul Sir Rutherford (then Mr.) Alcock had a large share in bringing about a better state of things in the relationship between England and China; and yet it was almost by accident that he went out to the Far East. He was born in May, 1809, at Ealing, where his father practised as a medical man. He, too, entered the profession, and in 1832 was sent out to Portugal as a surgeon in the British-Portuguese force which was fighting for Donna Maria, the rightful queen. In 1838 Mr. Alcock returned to England, and in 1842 was appointed Inspector

of Anatomy under the Home Office; but soon afterwards was obliged to abandon surgical practice owing to a form of paralysis of the hands and arms consequent on a rheumatic fever of a particularly severe type contracted at the siege of San Sebastian. It was to the credit of the Government that, in 1844, he was one of the five chosen to fill the office of Consul in China under the Treaty of Nanking, which was concluded in 1842.

As we have already observed, Mr. Michie does not confine himself to Sir Rutherford's career, but sketches the position of the Englishman in China for sixty years. In many respects it is the most interesting book on China and Japan which the present crisis has called forth. Here and there are dull pages which the Judicious Skipper will avoid; but, on the whole, the book throws more light on the subject than any other we have seen. It has the advantage of the connecting thread of Sir Rutherford Alcock's personality, which gives it in places almost the air of an historical romance.

Soldier and Novelist.

Captain Mayne Reid: his Life and Adventures. By Elizabeth Reid, his Widow, assisted by Charles H. Coe. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is a good deal of entertainment in this artless volume, which is an amplification of an account of the ever-delightful Mayne Reid published by his widow some years ago. It is a little startling, to begin with, to learn that the fire-eating soldier of fortune who produced so long a series of stories of blood-red adventure and hair-breadth escapes from Indians and other poisonous personages was intended for the Church. And, what is more, he actually spent four years in studying for the Presbyterian ministry. Mayne Reid's father, an Irishman of Scottish extraction, was, no doubt, highly disappointed at the failure of his efforts to hand on the apostolical succession to his son, for he was himself in Holy Orders; but, like so many other fathers, he was compelled to realise that youth will have its way, and so, at the age of twenty-one, Mayne Reid (who was born in 1818) went to America in search of fortune. He was long in finding it, for it was not until the war between the United States and Mexico, in 1847, that he got his chance. In the interval he had been trader, journalist, schoolmaster, and friend of Edgar Allan Poe. In later life Reid wrote a passionate defence of his friend against what he considered to be the aspersions of his biographer, Griswold. Everything that he did, indeed, was done passionately, in the sense that he never minced matters, and that he often appeared to be in a great rage when he was merely a trifle impatient of delay or contradiction, or some little detail of that kind. Upon such occasions his terrific voice—we fancy we hear it still, for his wife's pious conjecture that it could almost be heard a mile away is not so very extravagant—was calculated to strike instant and abject terror into those who were unaccustomed to it and to its master's ways.

In the Mexican campaign Mayne Reid, who had obtained a commission in the American army, was the bravest of the brave. At Churubusco he led the last charge, and at the storming of Chapultepec was the first man to reach the enemy's walls. He was only prevented being first on the other side of them by a terrible wound, which was for some time supposed to have killed him—the newspapers even published elegies upon him. But he recovered, to become, in the delicious language of a full-blooded American journalist, "a mixture of Adonis and the Apollo Belvedere, with a dash of the Centaur." As a lady-killer he was clearly irresistible; but in the end he fell in love with his wife at first sight when, at the age of thirteen, he found her dressing a doli. At sixteen she was actually married, despite her early disappointment that her suitor was not like

Jack the Giant-Killer. After marriage, Mayne Reid settled down to the production of the fifty odd romances which have delighted two generations of boys and their fathers. Nobody would dream of calling the author of *The Headless Horseman* a stylist, but the root of the matter was in him. The simple directness with which he told his stories, the easy and natural way in which he led up to blood-curdling situations, the dexterity with which he saved his people from murder and sudden death, brought him a popularity such as no other English writer of books for boys has enjoyed in our time, and would have brought him fortune likewise had he not frittered away his money in starting papers, building an expensive country-house, and driving a yellow chariot with a brace of spotted dogs trotting behind. His later years were dimmed by physical suffering, the result of his Mexican wound, but he was indomitable to the last, like one of his own Red Indian braves. The book is sometimes a trifle extravagant, but Mrs. Mayne Reid's frank and outspoken admiration for her interesting and remarkable husband is distinctly engaging, while her account of his impetuous wooing is highly amusing.

Defoe.

"WESTMINSTER BIOGRAPHIES."—*Daniel Defoe*. By Wilfred Whitten. (Kegan Paul. 2s.)

WE are not quite convinced that a crowded life, such as was Defoe's, can be profitably written in a hundred miniature pages. But small books are the order of this democratic day, with its desultory and wandering attention; and, if they are to be done at all, they should be done as Mr. Whitten does them. His *Daniel Defoe* is a model of thumb-nail biography. Its brevity is no measure of the work put into it. It is *ex abundanti scientia*, a most careful abstract by elimination of the unessential from the mass of what might have been said. Defoe is there in outline merely, but in his right proportions, and with the self-same expression which his face wears in the most faithful of his larger portraits. And it was a crowded life. Mr. Whitten has kindly saved us the trouble of summarising. The Defoe who wrote *Robinson Crusoe* and the Defoe who wrote the pamphlets are familiar:

But Defoe wrote books on Magic and Apparitions, and many books on Commerce. He thrashed out ecclesiastical questions and wrote a history of the Devil. He travelled seven times over England, and turned his tours into books. He composed a poem on the Complete Art of Painting, and treatises on the Complete Gentleman and the Complete Tradesman. He wrote biographies of Rob Roy and Jack Sheppard, and drew up manuals of conduct for parents, and of "religious courtship" for lovers. He wrote a newspaper with his own hand three times a week, and threw off satires in verse in odd moments. He was a diplomatist and a hosiery, and a spy and a brick-maker, and a member of the Butchers' Company. He was favoured by Cabinet Ministers and pursued by bailiffs; he stood in the pulpit at Tooting and in the pillory at Temple Bar; he wrote two hundred and fifty books and lost several fortunes.

Mr. Whitten has achieved the difficult task of writing under fetters without loss of literary quality. His closely knit paragraphs still find space for the telling epithet and the characteristic quotation. You may read him as the man of letters and not as the Dry-as-dust of the biographical dictionary. Style, adapting itself to conditions, but retaining the dignity of style, is here. Where we rather part company with Mr. Whitten is in his ethical judgment of Defoe's career. He conceals nothing. Rather he tries to disarm us by the very frankness with which he sets before us the complicated and discreditable web of Defoe's political intrigues. But he insinuates charity, the misplaced charity, which the fashion of

historians extends to bad men and of reviewers to bad books:

Let no reader suppose that Defoe was a mere party adventurer. His changes of side were often excusable in an age when parties themselves were subject to sub-division and exchange of functions.

It is special pleading. If this last sentence means anything, it means that Defoe did not quite know where he stood politically. He knew well enough; nor were the issues between parties particularly obscure in 1715. No! Defoe had the backstairs instinct, and candid history must not pretend otherwise.

Other New Books.

SEMANTICS: STUDIES IN THE SCIENCE OF MEANING.

BY MICHEL BRÉAL.

IN this volume M. Bréal's *Essai de Sémantique* is presented in an English form, with some additions and a lengthy preface and appendix by Prof. Postgate. That delightful "Essai" dealt with the changes and developments, not of the forms of words, but of their meanings—the history not of their bodies, but of their souls. To those readers in this country—alas, how few!—who really care about the uses and values of words, the book came as a delightful revelation. Each page as it was turned was accompanied by the unspoken words: "Why did I never think of this myself?" To see the minds of men working, intelligently but unconsciously, at the shaping of man's special tool, the spoken word, is to enter by a new avenue into the province of psychology. It is impossible to read the chapters headed, Analogy, The Extinction of Useless Forms, The Parts of Speech, On Certain Grammatical Instruments, and The Order of Words, without feeling new light shed on our own mental processes. Our eyes are opened; the tongue we talk becomes suddenly alive, and words, instead of being blank counters, become commemorative medals carrying history on their faces.

The English version fails to give quite the same delight as the original. Yet it is accurate, and far superior in elegance to nine translations out of ten. Something of the charm, however, has evaporated. M. Bréal's happy touch upon that fascinating instrument, the French language, is not—perhaps could not be—reproduced; and Mrs. Cust has not succeeded in replacing it by equivalent virtues in English. Her style, however, is distinctly more readable than that of Prof. Postgate, whose preface and appendix—the preface especially—are, though full of useful and interesting matter, so fatally unattractive in the manner of their presentation, so inductive of an inclination to lay down the volume, that they will rather, it may be feared, serve to "devote," as Charles Lamb said, than to attract readers. It would be an interesting exercise to trace exactly why writing that is correct (the grammatical error in the first sentence may be attributed, no doubt, to the printer), that is not pompous, nor assertive, nor affected, is so dull that a reader deeply interested in its subject can only read it with repugnance; but this is not the place.

Finally, it may be earnestly hoped that the publication in English of this admirable book may help to awaken some few English readers to the need of knowing and of teaching our language. In no other European country are boys and girls educated without any attempt to teach them how to speak and compose their own tongue. In no other do educated persons think it "good form" not to speak correctly; in no other are to be found a whole class of young persons belonging to the wealthier strata whose vocabulary of verbs, nouns, and adjectives consists wholly and solely of slang. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY FROM ITS SERVANTS IN THE EAST. VOL. IV.

EDITED BY WILLIAM FOSTER.

The new instalment of the East India's "Original Correspondence" series deals with the year 1616. The most important event of that year was the mission of Sir Thomas Roe, in the interests of the trading company, but with the rank of an ambassador from James I., to the Great Mogul. A full account of this important event was separately compiled by Mr. Foster last year for the Hakluyt Society, and fully reviewed in the ACADEMY at the time. We need not, therefore, return to it now. For the rest, the reports and intercommunications of the factors are mainly occupied with trade details, especially with the gradual falling off of the Japan trade, which led soon after to its practical abandonment. From time to time, however, a more personal element touches the arid chronicle with human interest. Richard Wickham writes furiously from Japan to Richard Cocks with regard to some complaints of insubordination brought against him.

I pray conceive not so ill of my writing or speaking without ground or cause. Every worm desires to live, and if it be trodden on it will turn again. Suffer me not thus to be wronged by the malicious reports and slander of such as in all honesty ought to more love, yet now forget once to look back into the hinder part of the wallet; such is the height of oblivion now grown to in Japan.

The appointment of General Keeling as "Factor-General and Supervisor of the Factories and Merchants in the East India and all other parts and places belonging to that trade" also gave rise to difficulties and jealousies. Keeling's authority was not altogether relished by the factors, and this feeling finds very candid expression in a pompous, racy, and entertaining letter from Joseph Salbank at Agra, "the ancientest servant that you have in all this country."

The first matter that I will intimate unto you shall be the discovery of a great indignity and wrong done unto me by your insolent General Keelling, towards whom though I carried myself in every respective manner in our whole voyage betwixt England and the Indies, yet without any desert of mine or the least colour of any just cause that could be objected against me, he disgraced me (as I may properly say), removing me from the place which your Worships had allotted and assigned unto me, and placed punies and young men in my stead, which yielded more discontent unto me than any injuries I sustained this long time; for I know that as your Worships did in your mature wisdom and discretion bestow such a place upon me, so you would not allow of such insolency in your Generals to displace me again without cause and so to disannul and annihilate your authority.

Mr. Salbank then waxes oriental in a reference to the fact that "the almond tree hath displayed his white blossoms upon my head," since he entered the Company's service. He also espouses the cause of a poor mariner who, condemned harshly by Keeling for a petty fault, "nimmed a bag of money out of one of the merchants' chests," and that of Mr. Edwards, whom "the arrogant General Keeling" summoned by "the thunderbolts of his threats" before him, and "publicly scandalised and disgraced his person." "So that," quoth Salbank, "the old rule is to be observed in all countries, I think, of the world, that envy is the inseparable companion of virtue." (Sampson Low.)

THE GREAT FAMINE.

BY VAUGHAN NASH.

He is a bold man who, since Mr. Kipling pilloried the globe-trotter in undying verse, ventures to lay down the law about India after a few months' scamper through the land. Mr. Vaughan Nash is bold enough to write of the great famine in India after eleven months' study of it, and to set right those who have spent their lives and their health in battling with Nature and trying to hold back

Nature's laws among the natives of Hindostan. Mr. Nash appears to have gone out as the "commissioner" for a provincial paper; and, therefore, it is perhaps more his misfortune than his fault that he has to be omniscient. This will also account for his bias against his own countrymen in administrative offices which leaks out all through the book, and his tendency to praise the work of native States in contradistinction to that of the English officials. Much that Mr. Nash says of the bunya, or native money-lender, is perfectly true; but men who have spent not eleven months only, but twice or thrice eleven years in working for India, know all this, and know, too, the difficulties which beset the whole intricate question. Successive Viceroy's have recognised how the ryots suffer from the extortions of the money-lenders; but the laws of usury have been the most difficult to arrange satisfactorily in all countries and through all the ages. "Under the native States there are laws of leather; in British territory laws of iron." In other words, there is equal justice in British States; and to the Oriental mind this is hard. The Eastern likes laws of leather which will stretch to his benefit if the right means be used. Mr. Nash's book is conscientious; but we venture to think that to those who do not know India it will give an inadequate idea of the famine, and of the devoted men who have laboured so hard to minimise its effects among the improvident natives. (Longmans.)

As a powder-and-shot historian Mr. W. H. Fitchett has few rivals. He is an Australian minister, and from his far-off home he launches book after book on the model of his *Deeds that Won the Empire*. In his latest, *Wellington's Men* (Smith, Elder), Mr. Fitchett edits and weaves together "a cluster of soldierly autobiographies," bringing the skill of a literary man to their proper compression and display. Four such narratives are taken up: Captain Kineard's *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade in the Peninsula*, Sergeant Anton's *Recollections of Service in the 42nd*, the tale of *Riflemen Harris* in the old 95th, and Mercer's story of the battery he commanded at Waterloo. They are all old books, and three of them are out of print. Mr. Fitchett gives us their best passages with a connecting commentary.

Happiness: its Pursuit and Attainment, by the Rev. W. J. Kelly (Long, 1s.), is a rather wordy and very orthodox discussion of its subject under such titles as "Love and Friendship," "Glory," "Power," "The Positivist," "The Christian," "The Heaven of the Senses," &c., &c. The conclusion is that "they who desire a life of joy and pleasure can only have their desire completely fulfilled in that happy land, where it is truly said they shall be . . . inebriated with the plenty of His house, and made to drink of the torrents of His pleasure . . . They will have joy beyond measure—joy in the joy of the Godhead, joy in the joy of all their heavenly companions, joy in their own ineffable joy."

Mr. Newnes's "Library of Useful Stories" has been concerned chiefly with severely practical kinds of knowledge, but it now includes *The Story of Thought and Feeling*, in which Mr. Frederick Ryland endeavours to open up some portions of the field of Psychology to unaccustomed readers. The book will be found interesting and illuminative, especially if read with Prof. Baldwin's *Story of the Mind* in the same series.

Hasell's Annual comes again replete with the year's story, and thoroughly up to date. We have a detailed account of the military operations in South Africa, the official list of casualties, the names of those who have won the V.C., the proceedings in Parliament, the financial measures necessitated, and the military problems raised by the war, &c., &c. Similarly, "full information" is given in regard to China. The literary summary of the year is very useful.

Fiction.

The Ivory Bride. By Thomas Pinkerton.
(Long. 6s.)

ONE of the principal characteristics of the man born literary, him whose preoccupation is the art of writing, is that he does not limit himself to one vein. This characteristic is Mr. Pinkerton's, an admirable novelist who still awaits general esteem. Of his nine novels each is different from the others. His last book, *Dead Oppressors*, was a naturalistic study of modern life. *The Ivory Bride* is a romance—and, what is rarer, a romance composed with true romantic feeling. The machinery of the plot is not new; when the Scottish Earl has a premonition that a certain ivory statue will come to life, we confidently expect something of this sort:

I kept vigil that night on the deck of the *Melinde*. I could not sleep, because that day the most wonderful thing that could happen to me had happened. Of course I knew that history repeats itself, because people are repeated. And the Princess Beatrice was undoubtedly descended from the daughter of the Princess whose tomb was at Ulpha, just as I was descended from her son. The daughter had remained in Italy. But the amazing thing was that the repetition should be so perfect. Every lineament, every curve, every dimple matched. The two sleeping doves I had seen nestling together were a replica of the ivory bosom of the chryselephantine statue.

I felt the solemn joy of the man who can say: "To-day the finger of God touched my thread of life!"

I kept vigil until those rays before the dawn, the out-riders of Phoebus, touched the towers of the old castle with rose. Over the room where my love lay sleeping, stood, sending a track of greeting to me across the violet water, splendid harbinger of good hope, the golden star of morn.

But the treatment is original and fine, and the writing, as may be seen, better than ordinary. Mr. Pinkerton makes brave pictures of warfare in the Italian state of Princess Huldine; and Princess Huldine herself, that terrible woman, is conceived with an audacious imagination. One is at once reminded of the creature of Baudelaire's great sonnet, "La Géante":

Du temps que la Nature en sa verve puissante
Concevait chaque jour des enfants monstrueux,
J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante,
Comme aux pieds d'une reine un chat voluptueux.

The Ivory Bride is the production of an artist.

Love in our Village. By Orme Agnus.
(Ward. 6s.)

MR. AGNUS is of the idyllists; his reputation is growing; and his work, judged by the usual standards, is pleasant and satisfactory enough. But this volume of twittering recitals of Dorsetshire life leaves us chiefly with a sense of its triviality; its preoccupation with the unimportant, and careful ignoring of the essential. "My friends in town," says the introduction, "cannot understand how I manage to exist year after year in civilisation and yet not of it. It may be a pretty village, say they, and rural life may have its charms when taken in small doses and at proper intervals; but . . ." And so on to the inevitable apology for rusticity. This air of having discovered that village rustics are men and women, of "insisting" that they can furnish you with "interest and excitement," is rather tiresome. The discovery has been made so often during recent years. We know it, we have always known it; and we should be infinitely obliged to the idyllist who would write about village-folk not as though they constituted a Zoo. We seem ever to hear the idyllists saying, with naïve pride: "See! These people can fall in love, just like you and me. After all, they are human, and, in their little way, they have their comedies and tragedies."

It is the attitude of bland patronage which is insufferable. One wonders whether the idyllists have grasped Goethe's profound saying that the "folk" are the only real people; whether it has ever occurred to them that the word "ignorant" has come to mean "ignorant of certain specified things"; and that the ploughman who meets the idyllist on the high road of an evening is probably less ignorant than the man to whom he touches his cap. These remarks do not apply specially to Mr. Orme Agnus's book; they apply to a school of which Mr. Agnus is a very creditable example. Mr. Agnus may say that he has not discovered his village, nor does he patronise it. Nevertheless, he continually has the manner of the discoverer on a lecturing tour, and patronage is implicit in all his gay, innocuous badinage at the expense of the villagers, even in his careful sympathy with them. If he had truly realised the humanity of his rustics, he would not be content to get nearly all his effects out of their superficial peculiarities.

Philip Winwood. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated by E. W. D. Hamilton.
(Chatto. 6s.)

FOR solidity and graphic colouring the "Independence" novels of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Mr. Winston Churchill were hard to beat. In the fiction before us, put in the mouth of one of his subordinate characters, Mr. Stephens does not beat them, but he treats their subject and epoch with a delightful air of reality. The hero of the title fights on the American side, while his wife schemes on the other, and her scoundrel elder brother betrays both in turn. History is touched passingly—Washington being almost a *personnage muet*. The novel is a sketch of domestic life as darkened and deformed by vital differences of opinion and conduct. That its domesticity is sufficiently tempered a scrap of dialogue will attest:

"Won't you come into my room and have a glass of wine?"

"No, sir. If I had a glass of wine I should only waste it by throwing it in your face."

The flight of the heroine to London in platonic, but wholly objectionable, company is a rather obscure episode in her career; but, like most things in the world of fiction, it is by no means irremediable. She is in many passages admirably realised in witchery, wilfulness, and in what only women will hold to be unfeminine audacity. Her father is, however, in some respects, the most notable figure in the book—a merchant of iron for whom one develops the gradual affection worth much sudden and blazing beauty-worship and hero-love.

Lines Written after Reading "Martin Chuzzlewit."

"Who is the lady you love best—
The fairest form in fiction drest?
Whose face a heaven-descended sight
Sheds beauty like the stars at night;
Whose *distilled* breath in perfume trips
O'er pearly teeth and cherry lips,
Whose gentle voice strikes sweetest chords
That tremble in her tender words?"

This quest put I to persons three,
And thus, in sooth, they answered me:

"First, Dante's *Beatrice* drawn divine,
Then Homer's *Helen* superfine,
And Shakespeare's *Portia* formed the trine."

Ineffable ladies of highest stamp!
But what, ah! what of SAIREY GAMP?

M.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage) 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

The Nineteenth Century.

As, fore-announced by threat of flame and smoke,
Out of the night's lair broke
The sun among the startled stars, whose blood
Looses its slow bright flood
Beneath the radiant onset of the sun;
So crouches he anon,
With nostrils breathing threat of smoke and flame,
Back to the lairing night wherefrom he came.

And who is She,
With cloudy battle smoking round her feet,
That issues through the exit-doors of death;
And at the alternate limit of her path,
Where first her nascent footsteps troubled day,
Forgotten tumult curls itself away?
Who is she that rose
Tumultuous, and in tumult goes?

This is she
That rose 'midst dust of a down-tumbled world,
And dies with rumour on the air
Of preparation
For a more ample devastation,
And death of ancient fairness no more fair.
First when she knew the day,
The holy poets sung her on her way.
The high, clear band that takes
Its name from heaven-acquainted mountain-lakes;
And he
That like a star set in Italian sea;
And he that mangled by the jaws of our
Fierce London, from all frets
Lies balm'd in Roman violets.
And other names of power,
Too recent but for worship and regret,
On whom the tears lie wet.

But not to these
She gave her heart; her heart she gave
To the blind worm that bores the mold,
Bloodless, pertinacious, cold,
Unweeting what itself upturns,
The seer and prophet of the grave.
It reared its head from off the earth
(Which gives it life and gave it birth)
And placed upon its eyeless head a crown,
And all the peoples in their turns
Before the blind worm bowed them down.
Yet, crowned beyond its due,
Working dull way by obdurate, slow degrees,
It is a thing of sightless prophecies;
And glories, past its own conceit,
Attend to crown
Its travail, when the mounded time is meet.
Nor measured, fit renown,

When that hour paces forth,
Shall overlook those workers of the North,
And West, those patient Darwins who forthdrew
From humble dust what truth they knew,
And greater than they knew, not knowing all they knew.
Yet was their knowledge in its scope a Might,
Strong and true souls to measure of their sight.
Behold the broad globe in their hands compest,
As a boy kneads a pellet, till the East
Looks in the eyes of the West;
And as guest whispers guest
That counters him at feast,
The Northern mouth
Leans to the attent ear of the bended South.
The fur-skinned garb justling the northern bear
Crosses the threshold where,
With linen wisp girt on,
Drowzes the next-door neighbour of the sun.
Such their laborious worth
To change the old face of the wonted earth.

Nor were they all o' the dust; as witness may
Davy and Faraday;
And they
Who clomb the cars
And learned to rein the chariots of the stars;*
Or who in night's dark waters dipt their hands
To sift the hid gold from its sands;†
And theirs the greatest gift, who drew to light
By their sciential might,
The secret ladder, wherethrough all things climb
Upward from the primeval slime.‡

Nor less we praise
Him that with burnished tube betrays
The multitudinous diminutive
Recessed in virtual night
Below the surface-seas of sight;
Him whose enchanted window gives
Upon the populated ways
Where the shy universes live
Ambushed beyond the unapprehending gaze.
The dusted anther's globe of spiky stars;
The beetle flashing in his minute mail
Of green and golden scale;
And every water-drop a-sting with writhing wars.
The unnoted green scale cleaving to the moist earth's face
Behold disclosed a conjugal embrace,
And womb—
Submitting to the tomb—
That sprouts its lusty issue: § everywhere conjoins
Either glad sex, and from unguessed-at loins
Breeds in an opulent ease
The liberal earth's increase;
Such Valentine's sweet unsurmised diocese.

Nor, dying Lady, of the sons
Whom proudly owns
Thy valedictory and difficult breath,
The least are they who followed Death
Into his obscure fastnesses,
Tracked to her secret lair Disease—
Under the candid-seeming and confederate Day
Venoming the air's pure lips to kiss and to betray.
Who foiled the ancient Tyrant's grey design
Unfathomed long, and brake his dusty toils,
Spoiling him of his spoils,
And man, the loud dull fly, loosed from his woven line.

* Measuring the stars' orbits.

† Discovery of new stars.

‡ Evolution.

§ The prothallus of the fern, for example; which contains in itself the two sexes, and decays as the young fern sprouts from it.

Such triumph theirs who at the destined term
Descried the arrow flying in the day—
The age-long hidden germ—
And threw their prescient shield before its deadly way.

Thou, spacious Century!
Hast seen the Western knee
Set on the Asian neck,
The dusky Africa
Kneel to imperial Europe's beck;
And that refused head plucked to the day
Of the close-hooded Nile.
Hast seen the West for its permitted while
Stand mistress-wise and tutelar
To the grey nations dreaming on their days afar,
From old forgotten war
Folding hands whence has slid disused rule;
The while, unprescient, in her regent school
She shapes the ample days and things to be,
And large new empery.
Thence Asia shall be brought to bed
Of dominations yet undreamed;
Narrow-eyed Egypt lift again the head
Whereon the far-seen crown Nilotic gleamed.
Thou'st seen the Saxon horde whose veins run brine,
Spawned of the salt wave, wet with the salt breeze,
Their sails combine,
Lash their bold prow together, and turn swords
Against the world's knit hordes;
The whelps repeat the lioness' roar athwart the windy seas.

Yet let it grieve, grey Dame,
Thy passing spirit, God wot,
Thou wast half-hearted, wishing peace, but not
The means of it. The avaricious flame
Thou'st fanned, which thou should'st tame:
Cluck'dst thy wide brood beneath thy mothering plumes,
And coo'dst them from their fumes,
Stretched necks provocative, and throats
Ruffled with challenging notes;
Yet all didst mar
Flattering the too-much-pampered Boy of War:
Whence the far-jetting engine, and the globe
In labour with her iron progeny,—
Infernal litter of sudden-whelped deaths,
Vomiting venomous breaths;
Thicker than driven dust of testy March
When the blown flood o'erswells,
The armed parallels
Of the long nations' columned march;
The growl as of long surf that draweth back
Half a beach in its rattling track,
When like a tiger-cat
The angry rifle spat
Its fury in the opposing foemen's eyes;—
These are thy consummating victories,
For this hast thou been troubled to be wise!

And now what child is this upon thy lap,
Born in the red glow of relighted war?
That draws Bellona's pap,
Fierce foster-mother; does already stare
With mimicked dark regard
And copied threat of brow whose trick it took from her?—
The twentieth of Time's loins, since that
Which in the quiet snows of Bethlehem he begat.
Ah! born, grey mother, in an hour ill-starred,
After the day of blood and night of fate,
Shall it survive with brow no longer marred,
Lip no more wry with hate;
With all thou hadst of good,
But from its blood
Washed thine hereditary ill,
Yet thy child still?

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Things Seen.

Gentility.

It was in a Bayswater 'bus, and the day was very hot. I luckily was on the shady side, but though there was some room next me, the two middle-aged women opposite, uncomfortably hot though they looked, were too much absorbed in their conversation to move. The stouter and more voluble of the two fanned herself energetically with the pair of limp gloves she was carrying (by no possibility could they have been got on to those hot, red hands). "Yes," she was saying, "they have come into a lot of money now. I went down to see her in the country—quite a nice little place they've got, and everything most genteel, and they've taken to breeding prize poultry. I said to her: 'How nice it must be for you to get plenty of fresh eggs.' And she said: 'Oh, no! Not at all. Of course, the hens *can* lay if they wish to, but in *our* position it isn't necessary!'" A pause of admiration—and then I heard her mild little friend murmur: "Well, I never! How genteel!"

Ragged Robin.

THE Christmas season brought me face to face again with the old home library. A copy of *Kenilworth* caught my eye: I knew the medallion portrait of Sir Walter, printed in gold on the back. On the flyleaf was written my own name, with a birthday date and the year 1882.

I had received the book at school: I remembered the morning of its arrival, the first eager glance, the anxious waiting until the useless tedium of lessons should be over. Then I was alone with it in the deserted schoolroom. Through the open windows came the sound of laughter, scurrying feet, shouting, the rat-tat of ball against bat, all the delightful mingled noises of a playground. But they lured me not. I was already reading of Varney and Leicester, of Tressilian and Amy Robsart.

The dew of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

That stanza, standing at the head of the sixth chapter, sent me out into the free air. I ran past the school-farm, across a broad meadow, and plunged down through tall grass and tangled blossoms to the edge of the slow stream which was our majestic river, leading into the world. Lying there, I read on and on until the clock struck the hour for returning. I plucked a head of ragged robin for a marker, shut it into the book, and went back to Ovid and Logarithms.

All this came back to me with poignant vividness, for in the book was still pressed the bit of ragged robin, survivor of many vicissitudes, a beautiful frail reminder of the permanence of all impressions, of the imperishability of youth.

A Hit.

A FLAT parcel. I opened it, and found a sketch of The Spaniards Inn, at Hampstead. No letter. Nothing but the postmark to tell me that a friend had seen it in a remote English town—lurking, may be, among blue Nankin, rusty tomahawks, German helmets, faded samplers, and copper bed-warmers. He had entered the shop, bought it, and despatched it, believing that it would hit a soft place in my breast.

His aim was true. The Spaniards! Ah, nights of the 'eighties, when I sprang up-hill from London's plain of brick, and earned by honest walking a long draught of beer and the smile of twilit Middlesex!

The Curious Eye.

In his little book of essays called *Domesticities* (Smith, Elder), Mr. E. V. Lucas writes with knowledge and grace about tea, toast, walks and walking-sticks, schoolboys, animals, fires, catalogues, clothes, and correspondence. These are the very subjects beloved of the amateur essayist, who sees in toast a subject on which he may enlarge sagely, and from which he may digress beautifully. The smallness of such subjects is his joy, and if walking-sticks be his choice he dips his pen in serene confidence that it is his to make a thousand angels dance on one ferrule. But it is odds that his ardour soon abates, that his inspiration flattens on itself, and that the burning of much oil results in disillusion. He discovers that it is not easy to write on easy subjects, not even on tea, toast, walks and walking-sticks, schoolboys, animals, fires, catalogues, clothes, or correspondence. As for digression, he may be said to avoid his subject as successfully as a learner avoids skating—by not standing upright for two seconds together. If, now, in a humbler mood, he wishes to see how the thing can be done, let him observe Mr. Lucas. In these pages things-to-the-point are said on almost every page, and the digressions are simply bends and flourishes in the skater's progress.

Not that these are very remarkable essays. Mr. Lucas is careful to tell us that they leave a great deal of him unexpressed. They are witty little deliverances by a man whom a London landlady would hold in awe as a "very partickler gent," and from whose wrath waiters would fly in holy dread. "Toast should *not* be waferlike, nor crisp throughout. On the contrary, it should be cut just thick enough to leave in its very inward midst the merest tissue of soft bread, if only by way of compliment to the butter spread upon it, which thereby gains in flavour. . . . Toast is one of the few delicacies that can be made better by the amateur than the professional, and as well by a man as by a woman. Cooks treat toast perfunctorily: it does not interest them. Indeed, toast might well be kept strictly to amateur ambition. For several reasons: one being that its fragrance is pleasant in a sitting room; another, that making it is an agreeable diversion; and a third, that whereas bad toast produced in the kitchen leads to annoyance and irritation, bad toast produced by a guest or a member of the family makes for mock abuse, sham penitence, and good-humour." Most of the philosophy of toast is there, is it not? Into Mr. Lucas's great disputation with the *Spectator* on the question whether toast should be hot-buttered (Mr. Lucas permits this, and finds a separate and seductive food in the result) we shall not enter further than to say that we take the *Spectator's* view, but that we follow Mr. Lucas in practice. Toast ought not to be hot-buttered, and we hot-butter it. We are sorry that we never went to Tyson's, "the most famous hot-buttered toast house in the world," in Rook-street, Manchester. There Tyson lorded it over clerks and merchants, supplying only chops or steaks or Cumberland ham, with hot buttered toast for vegetables, and compelling every customer to drink ale, stout, coffee, or tea. He walked about in his shirt sleeves, and was a very beadle to his customers. Reading was not permitted, and a customer who dared to glance at a letter from his pocket was told "This is not a library." Mr. Lucas briefly says that "toast-and-water is cooling as the wind of the morning across fields of dew." Which is correct; but as the beverage has nothing like the vogue it deserves, he would have done well to give injunctions as to its delicate brewing. Mr. Lucas is so sound on toast that we come with confidence to the essay "Concerning Breakfast." And here, again, we find a salient utterance; a kind of Test, offered sternly under small-talk.

No matter of what the breakfast consists, marmalade is the coping-stone of the meal. Without marmalade the finest breakfast is incomplete, a broken arc. Only with

marmalade can it be a perfect round. Every one's home-made marmalade is notoriously the best; but, where the commercially-manufactured article is used opinions differ. Her Most Gracious Majesty (it is stated so on the pot) prefers a viscous variety which is impossible to Oxford men bred on Cooper's. Tess of the D'Urbervilles, it will be remembered, favoured Keelwell's; or, at any rate, it was this maker who assisted in the embellishment of Sorrow's grave. The Universities are nobly loyal to marmalade. At Cambridge there is a saying that no man can pass his Little-go until he has consumed his own weight in it, while Oxford first called it Squish. The attitude of women to marmalade has never been quite sound. True, they make it excellently, but afterwards their association with it is one lamentable retrogression. They spread it over pastry; they do not particularly desire it for breakfast; and (worst) they decant it into glass dishes and fancy jars.

There is another way, which Mr. Lucas may have thought too sordid to mention, in which women go wrong on marmalade. They constantly allow their grocers to lure them from ancient and trustworthy brands to the purchase of "our own make." It may be unhesitatingly said that if everyone's home-made marmalade is notoriously the best, every grocer's "own make" is indisputably the worst. It is marmalade without pedigree or peel. By the way, we do not know what Mr. Lucas means by saying that when there is no marmalade "shift may be made with honey or jam." With jam certainly; but honey a makeshift? Never!—not even for "Squish." Honey is the Queen of the breakfast-table, invincibly pale and sweet, irremovably regnant in her season. Of course, if Mr. Lucas means grocers' honey . . .

On walking-sticks (in the essay "Concerning Walks") we have these admirable queries: "Where, one wonders, are the old walking-sticks? Where are George Borrow's sticks? He must have had noble fellows . . . Where is that wonderful stick of Coleridge's which, when a young man, walking in Wales, he lost, and advertised for so piquantly?" Yet the hue-and-cry is too brief; what of the stick that Dr. Johnson lost in Scotland, and despaired of recovering because its value to the inhabitants as timber rendered its return unthinkable? On the vexed subject of woods Mr. Lucas touches lightly. Cherry and ground ash come nearest to his liking, but he does not name gorse, which provides strong, interesting sticks, if you forgive an excess of rigidity tending to breakage under actual misuse. The least satisfactory essay in the volume is, we think, the one on Correspondence; but then the genius of the volume hardly permitted this subject to be threshed out. Mr. Lucas says nothing about the greatest of letters—love-letters; and love-letters being now the regular reading of the man on the bus, the omission seems the greater. We should like in passing—and in all casualness—to present him with an instance of one mood of tender correspondence, touched by a master hand. In his *Journal to Stella Swift* writes under the date January 20, 1710-11, to Stella and Miss Dingley:

Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and, coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Psch, said I; of the second, psch again; of the third, pschah, pschah, pschah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; ay, marry this is something, this is our M D ["My Dears"], so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus. Dear Presto, we are *even* thus far. Now we are *even*, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women.

Swift's use of initials and other cryptic designations reminds us that letters stand in need of such private inventions. We know of one large family that has adopted

in its correspondence a hieroglyphic for a smile, and it is prodigiously useful. To be introduced to that hieroglyphic, and to be allowed to smile in it, is to receive the freedom of the family.

Here we part company with Mr. Lucas's book, but not with his gift. We wish to point out to young writers that the gift of observation, of a wakeful taste, is among the most valuable that they can possess, or, possessing in a measure, can cultivate. Mr. Lucas has it. But it is found in almost every writer of any "parts." It feeds the interior fund of common sense, and provides a vast amount of small change into the bargain. Some writers, indeed, have had little of it. Johnson, for instance, lacked this nimble spirit of appreciation, these swift gustos. A thousand things were impossible to Johnson that were inevitable visitors to Lamb's mind. Even in literature Johnson rarely enjoyed the tang of words, the sojourn of a phrase on the tongue. A coarse eater, a loud talker, a life-scarred giant, he had few of Lamb's exquisite appetites. Lamb it was who gave to the softness of candle-light and the lusciousness of pineapple their classic expressions. Lamb is full of the knowledge of little things. But look around literature, and where do you not find proofs of the value of this knowledge? Think of the minutiae in *Don Quixote*. Montaigne is the high professor of this little knowledge, this penetrating eagerness; and it has been said that he has wise and witty words for every hour of life. Balzac's genius was sometimes in danger of drowning in a sea of noticed things; his catalogues and composite backgrounds are the marvel of literature. Hazlitt is full of the nicest interests. "The taste of barberries, which have hung out in the snow during the severity of a North American winter, I have in my mouth still, after an interval of thirty years." His description of the fives-playing of John Cavanagh is immortal. Goethe was full of *savoir faire*, and his mind, elephantine in dimensions, was elephantine in its prehensile tact. "Goethe," says Eckermann, "appeared now solely as father of a family, helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses." Great is such wakefulness in an old man. Goethe spent hours in discussing with Eckermann the right way of making bows and arrows, though he had never bent the one or shot the other in his long life.

Now the point we wish to make is this: a wakeful attention to life and a rapidly judicial taste of its kindly and unkindly fruits are more important to a young writer than the formation of a style. If there is a deliberate exercise which we would recommend to the aspirant it is not the apeing of Hazlitt or Stevenson or Maupassant, but the whetting of the mind on actualities. Let a young fellow study the name and origin of every article in his mother's house, of every plant in his father's garden, and treasure the words of the gardener, the joiner, the tradesman, and the odd man. Let him exactly know what he may easily know, and appreciate carefully what is his to appreciate. That is real training for authorship. Not that such conscious studies can be indefinitely indulged or prolonged. But if conscious training is of use, it should be training in the acquisition of matter, as well as manner. Only a habit of wakeful appreciation, wakeful at table, in the street, on the heath, and in the crowd, can provide those stores of small experience which must be acquired as we go along, or not at all. It is this habit which enriches and enlivens any style, and it alone can furnish forth the writer who undertakes to discourse in print on toast, tea, walks and walking-sticks, schoolboys, animals, catalogues, clothes, and correspondence. We have written and quoted enough to show that Mr. Lucas has the habit, and has joined to it a graceful wit. Let the budding writer, if he has the wit, acquire the habit.

Correspondence.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

SIR,—I do not suppose there will be any dispute over Theta's explanation of the story contained in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, but in respect of some of the praise she (for I presume Theta to be of the Englishwoman's sex) bestows upon this "heartrending romance," there might be some divergence of opinion. *Pure, delicate, artistic* are pretty epithets, but are they entirely justified? I have no personal experience of the terms of endearment applied by young ladies to their lovers, and to be called "a common or garden Englishman" may, for aught I know, sound sweetly in a young man's ears from the lips he loves, though I should hardly have thought the phrase natural to such an extremely cultivated young person as this unlucky Englishwoman. But when I find her writing to her lover from Venice of "the sound of many waters walloping under the bellies of the gondolas" I cannot refrain from asking Theta if she calls such language pure, or delicate, or artistic. Why, Sir, a decent housemaid would not write so to the young man she walks out with.—I am, &c.,

KAPPA.

Facsimiles of the First Folio.

SIR,—After reading your bibliographical contributor's remarks on a projected facsimile edition of the First Folio, it seemed to me scarcely probable that such a work is called for at present. During the nineteenth century four reprints have appeared: the first in 1807, of comparatively small value, being disfigured by some 370 errors; the second in 1862, known as Booth's edition, in type a little smaller than the original, and highly esteemed on account of its legibility and correctness; the third, in 1866, edited by Howard Staunton, a handsome full-sized replica; and the fourth, in 1876, the Chatto & Windus reprint, which is so greatly "reduced" that it cannot be easily read. All the foregoing turn up now and then in the dealers' catalogues, marked at moderate prices; not long since I noticed Booth's facsimile at ten shillings, and Chatto's at four shillings.

There is, however, another reprint which is really wanted, and would no doubt be readily purchased by Shakespeare students — namely, a new edition of "Steevens's Twenty Quartos" (4 vols., London, 1766). Its re-issue in our day would render necessary rather extensive modification, and the addition of fresh matter; it would also call for the intelligence and judgment of an editor well versed in the subject: happily there is no lack of men who would take up such a task in the right spirit.—I am, &c.,

S. W. ORSON.

Brunch.

SIR,—We were much interested in seeing in the ACADEMY of December 15 an allusion to the word "brunch." Does the poet of the *Westminster Gazette* think he has invented it? If so, it is another case of plagiarism.

This useful word was introduced to us about four years ago by a youthful subaltern of artillery, since when we have used it constantly.

There are some other words of the same type which we might mention. "Brupper" is the joyous meal you have after a very late dance, for instance, and consists of supper, which might almost be breakfast. "Brea" is early morning tea, or *chota haziri*. "Tunch" is rather a common meal in the country, and would be partaken of on coming back late in the afternoon, after a long morning's hunting or bicycling; some people call it "an egg to their tea." "Brinner," on the contrary, can only be eaten by those people whose custom it is to dine heavily in the middle of the day. Germans probably find it a favourite

meal. But, of course, "brunch is undoubtedly far the best of them all, and is, indeed, as you remark, the 'resource of the indolent.'"—I am, &c., M.

SIR,—Anent the paragraph in your issue of the 15th ult. on the subject of "Brunch," permit me to inform you that the word is no new thing in this university, where it has been in use for many years past, as also in the sister university of Oxford, I believe.

When and where it originated I cannot say, but it undoubtedly owes its conception to Lewis Carroll's "port-manteau words," of which, indeed, it is a favourable example, being compounded of the opening letters of "breakfast"—BR, and the final letters of "lunch"—UNCH. A cognate word—"slithy"—will at once suggest itself to readers of *Alice in Wonderland*.

With the definition of the word, as given by the writer of the verses in the *Westminster Gazette*, I beg leave to differ. True, a "brunch" combines the essential features of breakfast and lunch; but, far from being an "unhappy combination," it is, on the contrary, a particularly happy one, agreeable alike to late and early risers, since it spares the former the bother of breakfast, and the latter the labour of lunch.—I am, &c., H. D. C.

Mr. Whiteing and Bacon.

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Richard Whiteing's new book, *The Life of Paris*, you say: "What could be neater or more accurate than his definition of the reason of every Frenchman's desire to have the Cross of the Legion of Honour? 'To have it not is more of a reproach than to have it is a distinction.'" That phrase had such a peculiarly familiar ring about it that I took down my copy of Bacon's Essays, and on turning to that "Of honour and reputation" found: "A man is an ill husband of his honour that entereth into any action the failing of which may disgrace him more than the carrying it through can honour him."

That the definition is extremely neat I agree, but are we indebted to Mr. Whiteing or to Lord Verulam for the neatness? Perhaps to both, but in that case the affinity is striking.—I am, &c., T. E. TURNBULL.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 66 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sonnet on the change of century. We award the prize to Miss Mary A. Woods, 20, Clifton-gardens, W., for the following:

From Time's great water-clock—whose seconds spell
Our centuries—into the timeless sea
A drop has fallen to-night, not silently
But with an answering music; in whose swell
And fall are mingled tones innumerable,
Pæan and battle-cry and plash of tears—
Echoes of all things that, a hundred years,
The world has wrought and suffered, ill or well.
What shall the master-note be, when the days
Bring back that music? What shall most resound
Of the new century's gain? A pathway found
Through yielding air; a garnered sunlight; skill
To sense the soul? Or but an old, cold phrase
Fanned into living flame—"Peace and Goodwill"?

The five next best sonnets seem to be these:

One Æon dies, an Æon new is born
To fill the hungry world with ampler store,
Yet richer blood into its veins to pour,
Make poverty less grim, want less forlorn.
The past lives on; no planted good upturn,
No laggard step, as hast'ning to the fore,
Wisdom and knowledge, art and hoarded lore
Crown the new century, its brow adorn.

With such inheritance of light and power,
To what may not the century expand?
Upon the level of the present hour
My vision swims; then let me take my stand
On Pisgah height, or see from some high tower
The glory of the new enchanted land.

[J. G., Bradford]

As one might pause, who from the dizzy height
Of some keen ridge looks down upon a sheer
And beckoning prospect, now first seen but dear
By long anticipation, then to flight
A craven panic urges him, despite
His hope of kindlier welcome—so the fear
Of unacquainted voyagings pangs us here,
Where sways the silent vessel in the night.
There is no flutter on board of delicate wings,
No treasury of tradition's hoarded stores,
No peerless precedents or rich garnerings,
But vacant rooms and vainly opened doors;
Yet must we leave our old home derelict,
To compass Time's immutable edict.

[H. B. R., Bradford.]

Full soon the iron tongue of time shall toll
The century's knell! At midnight we shall glide
Into a new one on a flowing tide—
It is an hour to stir the sleeping soul,
For, lo! before us lies a virgin scroll
Where all is blank; alas, for human pride,
We cannot push the future's veil aside,
Or guess what writing yet shall stain that roll!
As Nineteen-hundred slides into the vast
That gulfs the countless ages of the past
For evermore, the Twentieth shall arise
Before a weary waiting world at last.
And men will hail it then with kindling eyes.
Hope points to "Peace on earth," and clearer skies.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

The wheels of Time turn slowly with the wain
Of years, that "homes" the harvest of each one:
Dream brought to deed accompt tho' late-begun,
Or rotted gold of hope, or full ripe grain.
One load—a hundred garnered stooks—again
Is "led," and we who muse to mark it "Done,"
Take a reflection from the low, red sun
That for an instant sunders Being in twain!
Who saw the last load are not here—at least!
And who view this, the next one shall not know!
If mightier this, and greater, so, the feast
Than that which Eighteen-hundred squandered so,
Then blest are we! as the years darkward go
Next century through us shall have joys increas'd.

[F. A. M. D.]

What of the night? Shall we find any rest
With the new age that breaks along the sky?
Or shall old hopes and aspirations die,
'Mid the red glare of ruin in the West?
Hope on, faint hearts! The dying years attest
Not all in vain has been our strife of old;
The world shall see, e'er all the tale be told,
Perfection won with marvels manifest.

We or our sons—who knows?—the gods are great.
The hands that sow the harvest one by one
Drop from the working weary, and are gone.
The future grows beneath the hand of Fate—
Hope on, faint hearts, the gods are good and great.

[F. S., Manchester.]

Twenty-one other sonnets received, with thanks.

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